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MUSA BURSCHICOSA

A Book of Songs.

Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas Constable,

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

LONDON . . . . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

CAMBRIDGE . . . . . MACMILLAN AND CO

GLASGOW . . . . . JAMES MACLEHOSE.

MUSA BURSCHICOSA

A Book of Songs

FOR STUDENTS AND UNIVERSITY MEN.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE
PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

Wo man singt da laß Dich ruhig nieder:
Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder.

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1869.

Librarian
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TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

YOUNG MEN,—I dedicate this volume of Lyrical Compositions to you, not only as springing from a strong sympathy with your character and occupations, but as likely to find from you a reception, which some of your seniors may perhaps think it incumbent on their dignity to withhold. You are at that time of life when, if there is any root of goodness in you, neither considerations of conventional dignity, nor the affectation of a fastidious censorship, will prevent you from enjoying what is really enjoyable in the world. This book is the offspring of a pure spirit of enjoyment of life, and it appeals to those who prefer on all occasions, and in all matters,

to enjoy rather than to criticise. Take it, therefore, such as it is, broadly and kindly as it is meant; and if you should fail to derive much enjoyment from it, at least strive to learn from my example, and set yourselves zealously to do something better in the same kind; for, if you wish to be happy in this world, there are only three things that can secure you of your aim,—the love of God, the love of truth, and the love of your fellow-men; and of this divine triad, the best and most natural exponent in my estimate is, neither a sermon, nor a lecture, nor even a grand article in a quarterly review, but just simply a good song.

Of course you do not require to be told that a song is a thing meant to be sung, though in this reading age perverse people sometimes will forget it; and in order that you may be induced to extend your knowledge of that divine art which Plato and Martin Luther rated so highly, some of the less known airs, principally German, to which I am accustomed to sing these songs, are added in an Appendix. To some of the songs no air is given, because, though they were composed by me to a kind of chant or lilt

made up, no doubt, of vague musical reminiscences, I cannot put my finger exactly on any known air that suits them.

There is only one caution which I would add, and it is this: It is said by some persons in the South, who are fond of sneering at Scotchmen, that we do not understand a joke; and this, no doubt, is so far true that in Scotland, as well as in England, and perhaps it may be also even in jocose Ireland, there does exist a class of persons who cannot distinguish between a sentence in a song and a mathematical proposition. Remember, therefore, young gentlemen, whosoever among you may have any touch of the 'Presbyterian sour' in his composition, that this book is not for you, unless, indeed, it may be so happy as to convert you to a little of that joviality and geniality of which some of you are much in need. A song is necessarily a one-sided composition, being coloured by the natural partialities and the pardonable exaggerations that belong to the vivid feeling of the moment; and the sentiments contained in such a composition require to be taken, as the phrase is, with a grain of salt, that is, with a fair

amount of common sense, and a large toleration for everything human.

I pray God may give you grace to enjoy any true song that this volume may contain, as those who are not more eager to use than fearful to abuse even the least of His most excellent gifts; and believe me ever your sincere well-wisher,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

OBAN, *October* 1869.

A SONG OF GOOD GREEKS.

AIR—*Seit Vater Noah in Becher goss.*

SINCE Martin Luther the ink-horn threw,
Which worked the Devil much woe,
The power of Greek in Europe grew,
And groweth and ever shall grow;
For never was language at all,
So magical-swelling,
So spirit-compelling,
As Homer rolled,
In billows of gold,
And Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

Etruscan, Hebrew, and Sanscrit are dead,
And Latin will die with the Pope,
But Greek still blooms like a thymy bed,
On brown Hymettus' slope;
For never was language at all,
That billowed so grandly,
And flowed out so blandly,

And never will die
Till men deny
The faith both of Plato and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares ?
Here 's Homer, who sang of old Troy,
A sunny sprite all robed in light,
And crowned with beauty and joy ;
For surely no minstrel at all
E'er poured such a river,
Of verses that never
Will cease to flow,
While men shall know
The Gospel of Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares ?
Here 's Pindar, the eagle sublime,
Who soars where Jove's red lightning flares,
And his awful thunders chime ;
For never was poet at all,
In boxing and racing,
And pedigree-tracing,
So learned as he,
And worthy to be
Canonized both with Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares? here 's Socrates,
Who first by logical spell
From Olympus' crown brought wisdom down,
With mortal men to dwell;
And sure never sage was at all,
Who mingled sound reason
With such pleasant season
Of mirth and fun,
And died like one
Well gospelled by Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here 's Plato will pass for a god,
Who for new worlds new men prepares,
On a plan both pleasant and odd;
For sure never sage was at all
So loftily soaring,
So lavishly pouring
Of nectar fine,
The draught divine,
Only second to Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here 's Aristotle, the wise,
Who sniffs about with learnèd snout,
And scans with critical eyes;

And sure never sage was at all
So crammed with all knowledge,
A walking college,
Who many things knew,
I tell you true,
Unknown both to Peter and Paul!

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here 's mighty Demosthenes, who,
When traitors sold fair Greece for gold,
Alone stood faithful and true;
For sure never man was at all
Who flung his oration
With such fulmination
Of scorching power
'Gainst the sins of the hour,
Like epistles of Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here 's Zeno, Cleanthes, and all,
Who set their face, with a manly grace,
To follow where duty might call;
For sure never men were at all
So steeled in all virtue
That flesh may be heir to,

And ready to die,
With never a sigh,
For the truth, just like Peter and Paul.

Who 'll buy my wares, my old Greek wares?
Here 's Proclus, Plotinus, and all,
Who clomb on Plato's golden stairs
To the super-celestial hall;
And sure never men were at all
Who lived so devoutly,
And grappled so stoutly
With flesh and blood,
And tramped in the mud
The Devil, like Peter and Paul.

Come, buy my wares, each learned elf,
Who culls Parnassian herbs,
And swears by Liddell and Scott, and Jelf,
And Veitch's irregular verbs!
For this I declare to you all,
Greek gives you a station
Sublime with the nation
Of gods above,
All hand and glove
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

Of all the thoughtful sons of Time,
The Greeks were wisest, that 's clear;
The Germans preach a lore sublime,
But it smells of tobacco and beer;
And this I declare to you all,
Though Kant, and such fellows
Know something, they tell us,
They never will do
To tie the shoe
To Plato, or Peter, or Paul.

Some think that man from a monkey grew
By steps of long generation,
When, after many blunders, a few
Good hits were made in creation;
But I can't comprehend this at all;
Of blind-groping forces
Though Darwin discourses,
I rather incline
To believe in design,
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

There 's one Thomas Buckle, a London youth,
Who taught that the world was blind
Till he was born to proclaim the truth,
That matter is moulder of mind;

But I really can't fancy at all
How wheat, rice, and barley,
Made Dick, Tom, and Charlie
So tidy and trim,
Without help from Him
Who was preached both by Plato and Paul.

There 's one John Bright, a Manchester man,
Who taught the Tories to rule
By setting their stamp on his patent plan
For renewing the youth of John Bull;
But I say that it won't do at all.
To seek for salvation
By mere numeration
Of polls would surprise,
If they were to rise,
Not a little both Plato and Paul.

Then praise with me the old Greek times,
When men were lusty and strong,
And gods laughed merry in sunny climes,
And wisdom was wedded to song;
For this I declare to you all,
Bright may tickle your palate
With suffrage and ballot,
But you 'll die a fool
If you don't go to school
With Plato, and Peter, and Paul.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

AIR—'*For a' that, and a' that.*'

IS there for noble human kind,
Wha droops and doubts and a' that,
We'll pass him by, and what we find
We'll bravely do for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our ups and downs, and a' that,
Though seeds are slow in March to grow,
We'll bide the June for a' that.

Some think a flood of ills is come
To swamp the world and a' that;
'Tis but a fly upon the thumb
Of Titan Time, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fears, and frets, and a' that,
Though weeds may grow, with spade and hoe
We'll root them out for a' that.

Some preach we 're near the end o' things,
The crack o' doom, and a' that,
When constitutions, states, and kings
Will fall in smash, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dragons, beasts, and a' that,
Wi' love o' God and love to man,
We 'll beat the De'il for a' that.

Some trust in democratic bills,
And ballot-box and a' that,
But honest hearts and manly wills
Are best Reform for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their counted polls and a' that,
The man who weighs the worth o' brains,
Can look and laugh at a' that.

Some trust in churches and in creeds,
The articles, and a' that;
A crutch may help their limping needs,
My legs are mine for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their ban and bray and a' that,
Though priests may blink, and prophets wink,
There 's truth in God for a' that.

Some swear by cassock and by cope,
Cross, candlestick, and a' that,
But Christian faith, and love, and hope,
May sit and smile at a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their scarlet duds and a' that,
Who walks with God will tread the sod
High priest of men for a' that.

Some talk of forces and of laws,
Blind atom-dance, and a' that,
But God 's the force, and Mind's the cause
That spins the globe for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their peeping-glass and a' that,
To Him unseen behind the screen
We 'll bend the knee for a' that.

Some brag of telegraphs and rails,
Coals, steam, and gas, and a' that,
But rattling mails and cotton bales
Ne'er made a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their figures, facts, and a' that,
The first of facts is Thought, and what
High Thought begets, for a' that!

Some dream wi' books the De'il to ban,
Wi' cram of brain, and a' that,
But in the making of a man
The heart 's the part for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their penny sheets and a' that,
Without pure love from God above
It 's worthless trash for a' that.

Then let us trust in manly wills,
And honest hearts, and a' that,
And love with sacred fire that fills
Heroic souls for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their doubts and fears and a' that,
Though churches nod we 'll trust in God,
And live by faith for a' that !

BOB AND BILLY.

AIR—'*Fill the bumper fair.*'

FARE thee well, my boy!
Where my brain grows muddy,
You find bright employ,
And fatten on deep study.
While on books you thrive,
Pondering and poring,
Bill must keep alive,
Rambling and exploring.
Then God bless thee, boy!
A rose is not a lily,
You be steady Bob,
And I'll be roving Billy!

You will rise and climb,
On the steps of learning,
To the seat sublime,
Where your heart is yearning:

From the pulpit then
  You will flash and thunder,
King of Scottish men,
  People's love and wonder!
    Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Or perhaps you may,
  Should the creeds offend you,
With grave judgment sway
  Where fees and wigs attend you;
Sitting like a god,
  Thorny laws expounding,
Thrilling with your nod
  Awe-struck throngs surrounding!
    Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Or perhaps you may,
  In high deliberation,
With sage counsel sway
  The rapt-expecting nation;
And when Church and State
  To their base are reeling,
Waft to small and great
  Wise words of happy healing.
    Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Some are thinkers born,
  Some readers, and some riders,
Some from cats do turn,
  And some do shrink from spiders ;
But I—the truth to tell—
  Above all life's embroglios
Do chiefly hate the smell
  Of Greek and Latin folios !
    Then God bless thee, boy ! etc.

Something in my blood
  Savage and uncivil
Loves by foaming flood
  And waving wood to revel :
While my neck is free
  From yoke of gilded collar,
Glad I leave to thee
  Both dignity and dollar !
    Then God bless thee, boy ! etc.

Where the whistling breeze
  Swells the roaring billow,
There I rock at ease
  On a stormy pillow.
Or where the cannon booms
  On field of battle gory,

Dashing through the fumes
  I pluck the star of glory!
    Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Up the cliffy rocks
  With the goat I scramble,
With the nimble fox
  I jump across the bramble.
Where the tiger stands,
  Through the jungle glaring,
My heart leaps to my hands
  And revels in the daring.
    Then God bless thee, boy! etc.

Now, farewell, Bob, my boy;
  While you sit and study,
Bright be still your eye,
  And still your cheek be ruddy!
I must go: for me
  The ship waits in the harbour;
Wisdom waits for thee
  In Plato's thoughtful arbour.
    Then God thee bless, boy!
      Nor think my wisdom silly,
    That you be steady Bob,
      And I be roving Billy.

A SONG OF GEOLOGY.

I'LL sing you a ditty that needs no apology—
Attend, and keep watch in the gates of your ears!—
Of the famous new science which men call Geology,
And gods call the story of millions of years.
Millions, millions—did I say millions?
Billions and trillions are more like the fact!
Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions,
Make the long sum of creation exact!

Confusion and Chaos, with wavering pinion,
First swayed o'er the weltering ferment of things,
When all over all held alternate dominion,
And the slaves of to-day were to-morrow the kings.
Chaos, Chaos, infinite wonder!
Wheeling and reeling on wavering wings;
Whence issued the world, which some think a blunder,
A rumble and tumble and jumble of things!

The minim of being, the dot of creation,
  The germ of Sire Adam, of you and of me,
In the folds of the gneiss in Laurentian station,
  Far west from the roots of Cape Wrath you may see.
    Minims of being, budding and bursting,
      All on the floor of the measureless sea!
    Small, but for mighty development thirsting,
      With throbs of the future, like you, Sir, and me!

The waters, now big with a novel sensation,
  Brought corals and buckies and bivalves to view,
Who dwell in shell houses, a soft-bodied nation;
  But fishes with fins were yet none in the blue.
    Buckies and bivalves, a numberless nation!
      Buckies, and bivalves, and trilobites too!
    These you will find in Silurian station,
      When Ramsay and Murchison sharpen your view.

Then fins were invented; when Queen Amphitrite
  Stirred up her force from Devonian beds,
The race of the fishes in ocean grew mighty,
  Queer-looking fishes with bucklers for heads.

Fishes, fishes—small greedy fishes!
With wings on their shoulders and horns on their heads,
With scales bright and shiny, that shoot through the briny
Cerulean halls on Devonian beds!

God bless the fishes!—but now on the dry land,
In days when the sun shone benign on the poles,
Forests of ferns in the low and the high land
Spread their huge fans, soon to change into coals!
Forests of ferns—a wonderful verity!
Rising like palm-trees beneath the North Pole;
And all to prepare for the golden prosperity
Of John Bull reposing on iron and coal.

Now Nature the eye of the gazer entrances
With wonder on wonder from teeming abodes;
From the gills of the fish to true lungs she advances,
And bursts into blossoms of tadpoles and toads.
Strange Batrachian people, Triassic all,
Like hippopotamus huge on the roads!
You may call them ungainly, uncouth, and unclassical,
But great in the reign of the Trias were Toads!

Behold, a strange monster our wonder engages,
  If dolphin or lizard your wit may defy,
Some thirty feet long on the shore of Lyme-Regis,
  With a saw for a jaw, and a big staring eye.
    A fish or a lizard? an ichthyosaurus,
      With a big goggle eye, and a very small brain,
    And paddles like mill-wheels in clattering chorus,
      Smiting tremendous the dread-sounding main!

And here comes another! can shape more absurd be,
  The strangest and oddest of vertebrate things?
Who knows if this creature a beast or a bird be,
  A fowl without feathers, a serpent with wings?
    A beast or a bird—an equivocal monster!
      A crow or a crocodile, who can declare?
    A greedy, voracious, long-necked monster,
      Skimming the billow, and ploughing the air.

Next rises to view the great four-footed nation,
  Hyenas and tapirs, a singular race,
You may pick up their wreck from the great Paris basin,
  At the word of command every bone finds its place.
    Palæothere, very singular creature!
      A horse or a tapir, or both can you say?

Showing his grave pachydermatous feature,
Just where the Frenchman now sips his café.

And now the life-temple grows vaster and vaster,
Only the pediment fails to the plan;
The winged and the wingless are waiting their master,
The Mammoth is howling a welcome to Man.
Mammoth, Mammoth! mighty old Mammoth!
Strike with your hatchet and cut a good slice;
The bones you will find, and the hide of the mammoth,
Packed in stiff cakes of Siberian ice.

At last the great biped, the crown of the mammals,
Sire Adam, majestic, comes treading the sod,
A measureless animal, free without trammels
To swing all the space from an ape to a god.
Wonderful biped, erect and featherless!
Sport of two destinies, treading the sod,
With the perilous license, unbridled and tetherless,
To sink to a devil or rise to a god.

And thus was completed—miraculous wonder!
The world, this mighty mysterious thing;

I believe it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And worship, and pray, and adore, while I sing.
Wonder and miracle !—God made the wonder ;
Come, happy creatures, and worship with me !
I know it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And I hope Tait, and Tyndall, and Huxley agree.

DORA.

I CAN like a hundred women,
  I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
  Worship and adore.
Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
  With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy;
  Dora fills my soul.

Dainty doves are doves of Venus,
  (Plumy, soft delight),
But my dove (O wonder!), Dora,
  Hath an eagle's might.
Doves are pretty, doves are stupid,
  But who Dora loves
Finds Minerva masqued in Cupid,
  Strength in downy doves.

Like the sun's face brightly dancing
  On the shimmering sea,
But, like Ocean, deep is Dora,
  Strong, and fair, and free.
Chirping like a gay Cicala
  In a sunny bower,
But a Muse in that Cicala
  Sings with thoughtful power.

Like a beck that bickers blithely
  Down the daisied lea,
So her bright soul bursts and blossoms
  In spontaneous glee.
Full of gamesome show is Dora;
  But behind the scene
Sits the lofty will of Dora
  Thronèd like a queen.

Lovely marvel! oak and lily
  From one root came forth,
Twined in leafy grace together
  At my Dora's birth.
Mellow Eve, and bright Aurora,
  Sober Night, and Noon,
Dwell, divinely blent, in Dora,
  To a jarless tune.

I can like a hundred women,
  I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
  Worship and adore.
Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
  With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy;
  Dora fills my soul.

BILL IS A BRIGHT BOY.

AIR—'*Gentle Zitella.*'

BILL is a bright boy;
  Do you know Bill?
Marching cheerily
  Up and down hill;
Bill is a bright boy
  At books and at play,
A right and a tight boy
  All the boys say.

His face is like roses
  In flush of the June;
His eyes like the welkin
  When cloudless the noon;
His step is like fountains
  That bicker with glee,
Beneath the green mountains,
  Down to the sea.

Musa Burschicosa.

When Bill plays at cricket,
  No ball on the green
Is shot from the wicket
  So sharp and so clean;
He stands at his station
  As strong as a king,
When he lifts up a nation
  On Victory's wing.

And on the golf-ground
  Who is like Bill,
Winging his ball
  With a soul and a will,
Loftily leaping
  On to the goal,
Cunningly creeping
  Into the hole!

And in the ball-room
  He shows such a heel,
Shooting like light
  Through the maze of the reel!
Huge-whiskered is Harry,
  And thewed like a man,
But Bill I will marry,
  Says Jess, if I can!

When bent upon study
  He girds to his books,
No frown ever ploughs
  The smooth pride of his looks;
I came, and I saw,
  And I conquered at will—
This be the law
  For great Cæsar and Bill!

Like Thor with the hammer
  Of power in his hand,
He rides through the grammar
  Triumphant and grand;
O'er bastions of brambles,
  Which pedants up-pile,
He leaps, and he ambles
  Along with a smile.

And like the deep thunder
  Of Jove, and the chime
Of St. Paul's, he out-billows
  His Latin sublime;
At his Greek stand confounded
  All critical men,
So trippingly rounded
  It flows from his pen!

As mild as a maiden
  Where mildness belongs,
He 's hot as Achilles
  When goaded by wrongs;
He flirts with a danger,
  He sports with an ill,
To fear such a stranger
  Is brave-hearted Bill!

For Bill is a bright boy,
  Who is like Bill?
Oft have I marched with him
  Up and down hill.
When I hear his voice calling
  I follow him still,
And, standing or falling,
  I conquer with Bill!

A SONG OF GOOD CONSERVATIVES.

GERMAN AIR—'*Seit Vater Noah in Becher goss.*'

MOST bards of women and wine do sing,
But drinking is now out of date,
And women demand a youthful wing;
I sing grave affairs of the State.
Now gentles, attend to my rede!
Though I 'm not an M.P., Sir,
Nor likely to be, Sir,
Perhaps from my mint
You may gather a hint
How to shape your political creed!

Some men by liberty swear—not I;
The beasts of the forest are free;
The wild tornadoes that sweep the sky;
The tempests that harrow the sea:
But man is a thing more divine;
With reasoned subjection
He makes his election,
And bends with awe
To sovereign Law,
And limits that wisely confine.

All men are equal, the Frenchman says;
  Most men will gladly receive
What a fervid fool, with a flattering phrase,
  Tricks out for fools to believe;
    But these men have less brains than a wren!
      When a larch is a lily,
      And Bessy like Billy
      A beard shall achieve,
      Then I will believe
    That equality reigns among men!

All men as brethren our kinship claim;
  Fraternity sounds very well;
But if some are brothers whom I could name,
  My father keeps lodgings in hell;
    And the rent that they pay him is sin.
      Such fobbing and jobbing,
      Such rapine and robbing,
      Such lust and greed,
      I surely would need
    A long spoon to sup with my kin!

Some men to follow the multitude
  Deem wise and proper and fair,
And what the majority say is good,
  To this for gospel they swear;

But this never was taught in the schools;
Though you whip in the rabble
To bray and to gabble,
Erect I'll stand
For truth in the land,
Alone 'mid a million of fools!

But if you will follow your witless whim,
And let brainless multitudes sway,
You'll find yourself sitting upon the rim
Of a hot volcano some day;
And with your own hand you'll uncork
A flask of mad revelry,
Falsehood and devilry,
All the poisoned store
Of filth, foam, and gore,
That seethes up from hell in New York!

And now I think you will understand
I have not got in my wallet
Any new receipt to remodel the land
By Agrarian law or by ballot.
I stick to old Solomon's rule:
Let the wise lead the foolish,
And whoso is mulish

I 'd give him a thwack
With a rod on his back,
For a rod suits the back of the fool!

Then long live She who rules the realm,
And God bless all in authority;
And devil take him who would overwhelm
The truth by a brainless majority!
Now you 've heard my political creed;
Though I 'm not an M.P., Sir,
Nor likely to be, Sir,
Perhaps from my mint
You may gather a hint
How to temper your reasonless speed!

ANDREW JACK, M.D.

A Farewell Song.

Air—*Bemooster Bursche zieh ich aus.*

FAREWELL to the University!
I 'm titled now with high degree;
All capped and doctor'd forth I ride,
To see the world's great pomp and pride!

Four years I 've drudged, a patient hack,
With whip and driver at my back;
But now unmuzzled I propose
To track the game with my own nose.

The wide, wide world before me lies,
With many a blank, and many a prize;
But crowns are nowhere gained by sighs;
He nobly wins who boldly tries.

What made the Romans men of might
But wars to wage and foes to fight?

Then let us fight like them, and win!
Or, if we lose—bad luck 's no sin!

Farewell grey hall and fusty book,
And front severe and solemn look;
Long rows of lectures dull and dry,
In mummied state there let them lie!

Farewell, proud Arthur's Seat, where oft
With buoyant heart I stood aloft,
And through the broad sun's crimson glow,
Looked on the old grey town below,

And spied afar the huge, huge Bens
That gird our peaceful Highland Glens,
Where birches nod, and fountains pour
On ferny brae and pebbly shore.

And fare-thee-well, my student's home,
Far up near to the starry dome,
'Mid wreaths of smoke, and bristling crops
Of gables gaunt and chimney-tops!

And fare-thee-well, good dame M'Knight,
Who kept me always right and tight,

And washed my clothes and brushed my hat;
God bless you, honest dame, for that!

And farewell, Nelly M'Intyre,
Who smoothed my bed and trimmed my fire,
Blue-eyed, blithe-hearted, bright-soul'd Nell;
By Jove, I loved that girl too well!

Dear blue-eyed Nell, when Dame M'Knight
Called, 'Come up, Nell, and put things right!'
And thou shot up with three light skips,
My heart leapt to my finger-tips.

No courier of the heavenly clans,
With light blue scarf and silver vans,
Could witch my eye like view of Nell;
By Jove, I loved that girl too well!

But love is not a bond to bind
The full-blown sail that takes the wind;
A fair face marred Mark Antony;
So, Nell, I'll think no more of thee!

Farewell, my comrades and my chums,
With whom I picked dry learning's crumbs,

And quaffed, four green and golden years,
Life's mingled bowl of hopes and fears.

God bless you all, my jolly boys!
The day is past to play with toys;
I go to fight my way,—and you,
Do well what thing you find to do!

I hear the railway whistle call,
And brush the briny drops that fall;
I leave you now plain Andrew Jack,
Perhaps I 'll come Sir Andrew back!

CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

A METAPHYSICAL SONG.

AIR—*Seit Vater Noah.**

SINCE father Noah first tapped the vine,
And warmed his jolly old nose,
All men to drinking do much incline,
But why, no drinker yet knows;
We drink and we never think how!
And yet, in our drinking,
The root of deep thinking
Lies very profound,
As I will expound
To all who will drink with me now!

The poets, God knows, a jovial race,
Have ever been lauding of wine;
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,
And the draught of the beaker divine;

* The idea of this song is taken from Baggesen's song in METHFESSEL'S *Liederbuch.* In the execution I gave myself free reins, feeling that to attempt a translation in such a peculiar case would have been to insure failure.

Yet all their fine phrases are vain;
They pour out the essence
Of brain-effervescence,
With rhyme and rant
And jingling cant,
But nothing at all they explain.

But I, who quaff the thoughtful well
Of Plato and old Aristotle,
And Kant and Fichte and Hegel can tell
The wisdom that lies in the bottle;
I drink, and in drinking I know:
With glance keen and nimble
I pierce through the symbol,
And seize the soul
Of truth in the bowl,
Behind the mere sensuous show!

Now brim your glass, and plant it well
Beneath your nose on the table,
And you will find what philosophers tell
Of I and non-I is no fable.
Now, listen to wisdom, my son!
Myself am the subject,
This wine is the object;
These things are two,
But I 'll prove to you
That subject and object are one.

I take this glass in my hand, and stand
Upon my legs, if I can,
And look and smile benign and bland,
And feel that I am a man.
Now stretch all the strength of your brains!
I drink—and the object
Is lost in the subject,
Making one entity,
In the identity
Of me, and the wine in my veins!

And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill,
This point can better explain,
You may learn from them, with method and skill,
To plumb the abyss of your brain;
But this simple faith I avow,
The root of true thinking
Lies just in deep drinking,
As I have shown
In a way of my own,
To this jolly good company now.

DEATHBED HYMN.

AIR—*Blessed, blessed be Jehovah!*

NOW Death's murky shades surround me!
God's preventing hand hath found me!
Now his will be done with me!
Amen!
Praise to the Lord give ye!

I from darkness rose to being,
I from blindness burst to seeing;
Now thicker night around me swells;
Fear not!
God in the darkness dwells.

I through life's long labour loved Him;
I through life's stern trial proved Him,
Father and friend through good and ill;
Now, Lord,
Dying I own thy will!

I did feed mine eye with beauty,
I my soul made strong by duty;
I in the fight have fought and won;
Good Lord,
Now let thy will be done!

I have lived in keen enjoyment,
Large delight and stout employment,
Working with God for men with glee;
Now, Lord,
Teach me to rest in Thee!

Friends, for me waste not your weeping,
I on God's strong arm am sleeping;
He from this flesh doth set me free;
Amen!
Praise to the Lord give ye!

THE MAID OF GRISHORNISH.

THE clouds are scowling on the hill, the mist is thick and grey,
The sun slants out behind the cloud a cold and meagre ray,
The shepherd wraps his plaid about, and reads the tristful skies,
And to his faithful collie dog across the moor he cries;
But in my heart there sings a bird, with song both loud and clear,
A song that makes me bright within, while all without is drear:
And thus the little bird doth sing with happy chirp to me,
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy bonnie bride shall be.

O Grishornish, thy rocks are black, thy moors are brown and bare!
Who would have thought so fair a thing was kindly nurtured there?

As mild as summer's balmy breath upon thy wintry shore,
As gentle as an angel's wing 'bove thy rude tempest's roar,
As pure as pearl in lucid seas, and like a star serene,
When rifted clouds are racing past, with azure stripes between;
And thus the bird within my breast sings sweetly still to me,
Right soon the maid of Grishornish thy bonnie bride shall be.

O Grishornish, and Vaternish, and every Nish in Skye,
On you let heaven pour down the rain till all its wells be dry!
With rain, and wind, and mist, and storm, I am content to dwell,
If but the maid of Grishornish shall live and love me well;
If but her fine and dainty lip, and mildly beaming eye
Shall make me lord of more than all Macleod commands in Skye;
If but the little bird shall sing within my breast to me
The lovely maid of Grishornish thy winsome wife shall be.

HERR PHILISTER; OR, WHO IS A PHILISTINE?

From the German. AIR—*Der Philister, in Methfessel's Liederbuch, No.* 19.*

A PHILISTINE, what man is he?
I'll tell without dissembling;
A thing that seems to walk, d'you see,
On eggs with fear and trembling,
And bears his empty head so trig
With powder, tie, peruke, or wig,
He is, he is, a Herr Philister;
Him may the Devil burn and blister!

---

* It would have been easy to make words to this song with traits taken directly from the British atmosphere and the nineteenth century; but I thought I should gratify many by giving the original German picture of 'the Philistine,' now almost naturalized on English ground. He is a narrow, conventional creature, compounded of the Greek βάναυσος and the English prig. The music, as given in the Appendix, is admirable.

When true vine juice from Father Rhine
  The hearts of men inflameth,
The draught divine, who with goose wine
  In dull potation tameth,
And 'mid the free songs jovial tones
Wry faces makes, and inly groans,
He is, he is, a Herr Philister;
Him may the Devil burn and blister!

Who prates and pules of evil days,
  And always fears a crisis,
And when bold deeds set hearts a-blaze,
  The poor thing criticises;
And every Muse's craft doth curse
That puts no money in his purse,
He is, he is, a Herr Philister;
Him may the Devil burn and blister!

The prig who looks on earth and sky
  With cold conceited gazing,
As if God to his mighty I
  Had let the world for grazing,
And claims that everything of life
Shall straightway dance as he shall fife,
He is, he is, a Herr Philister;
Him may the Devil burn and blister!

SONG OF A BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.

AIR—*Seit Vater Noah in Becher goss.*

I 'VE stood my trials, I 've left the school,
I 'm capped with a learned B.D.,
Of Latin and Greek and Hebrew I 'm full,
Old Wisdom dwelleth with me ;
And now, if you 'll list to my rhymes,
I' ll flap my young pinions
In my new dominions,
And vent what I may
In a delicate way ;
For stone walls have ears sometimes.

I 'm a Protestant good ; I hate the Pope,
In every shape and degree,
The Popish Pope, and the Presbyter Pope,
And all the Popes that be ;
For this above all things I prize,
To have free admission,
With no man's permission,

Both early and late,
Through the gracious gate,
To the prayer-hearing God in the skies.

I hate the Pope; and in God's own book
I read the message of grace,
And I claim a freeman's right to look
The Master I serve in the face;
And I speak this out plainly, because
If you swear to a lesson
From human confession,
You're a muff and a spoon,
And a blinking poltroon,
And a traitor to Protestant laws.

Some preach a god so savage and grim,
When he snorts in his terrible wrath,
They crouch and cower and fawn to him,
And lick the dust in his path;
But against this I flatly rebel,
And boldly deny it,
That such a stern fiat
Was forged above
By the Father of love,
To swamp half His children in hell.

Some say that through their chosen veins
  There creeps a magical virtue,
To charm away all sorrows and pains
  That issue of Adam is heir to;
    But this is not gospel at all;
      Not narrowly creeping,
      But liberal sweeping,
      On sinful race
      Came God's free grace,
    By the preaching of Peter and Paul.

Some preach a religion of dainty air,
  They come with candle and bell,
And cassock and cope and surplice fair,
  And might of miraculous spell;
    But this I declare to you all,
      That by dresses and laces,
      And bows and grimaces,
      A man should strive
      His soul to shrive,
    Stands not in the gospel of Paul.

And now I think you will understand,
  Of crotchet, and whim, and conceit,
We can boast enough in this Christian land,
  To turn into bitter our sweet;

Then take my advice sans offence;
To make harmless the potion,
Of each darling notion,
Just temper the draught,
Before it is quaffed,
With a few drops of plain common sense!

You've heard my song; if you think it long,
I'll give you the gist in a line,
'Tis the letter that kills, in sermon or song,
The Spirit alone is divine;
God's grace comes to me and to you,
Not by counting of beads well,
Or conning of creeds well,
But by resolute will
To struggle with ill,
And by faith that can dare and can do!

YOUNG MAN, BE WISE!

AIR—*One there is above all others.*

WOULD'ST thou reap life's golden treasure,
Young man, be wise!
Cease to follow where light pleasure
Cheats blinking eyes;
Let no flattering voices win thee,
Let no vauntful echoes din thee,
But the peace of God within thee
Seek, and be wise!

Where the fervid cup doth sparkle,
Young man, be wise!
Where quick glances gleam and darkle,
Danger surmise!
Where the rattling car is dashing,
Where the shallow wave is plashing,
Where the coloured foam is flashing,
Feast not thine eyes!

Rocking on a lazy billow
  With roaming eyes,
Cushioned on a dreamy pillow,
  Thou art not wise ;
Wake the power within thee sleeping,
Trim the plot that 's in thy keeping ;
Thou wilt bless the task when reaping
  Sweet labour's prize.

Since the green earth had beginning,
  Land, sea, and skies,
Toil their rounds with sleepless spinning,
  Suns sink and rise ;
God, who with His image crowned us,
Works within, above, around us ;
Let us, where His will hath bound us,
  Work and be wise !

All the great, that won before thee
  Stout labour's prize,
Wave their conquering banners o'er thee ;
  Up, and be wise !
Wilt thou from their sweat inherit,
Fruits of peace, and stars of merit,
While their sword, when thou should'st wear it,
  Rust-eaten lies ?

Work and wait, a sturdy liver;
  (Life fleetly flies!)
Work, and pray, and sing, and ever
  Lift hopeful eyes;
Let no blaring folly din thee!
Wisdom, when her charm may win thee,
Flows a well of life within thee;
  Young man, be wise!

SOW NOT IN SORROW.

AIR—*Freut euch des Lebens!*

SOW not in sorrow,
Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow
The rain to make it grow!
A fool is he his woe who feeds,
And seeks the thorn by which he bleeds,
While harmless culled from bloomy meads
The rose comes to the wise!

The past no prayer can bring again,
The future cheats the scheming brain,
The present with its golden gain
Is garnered by the wise.
Let each to-morrow
Do to-morrow's work with power;
But he soweth sorrow
Who lives beyond the hour.

While mad ambition stints his sleep,
To scale the skies and plumb the deep,
I trim my little plot, and reap
My roses with the wise.

Dreams you may borrow,
  From the vasty space around;
My work is thorough,
  In my narrow bound.

The Phrygian Midas prayed of old,
That all he touched might turn to gold,
But thus his dinner, we are told,
  Was lost to him unwise!
He found a sorrow
  Where he hoped a golden joy;
From Midas borrow,
  And be a wiser boy!

When storms with wintry muster come,
And Jove beats loud his thunder drum,
I sit beside the fire and hum
  The song that cheers the wise.
Fear bringeth sorrow;
  'Mid the world's confounding din,
Peace you may borrow
  From faith that's strong within!

When friends are false and patrons frown,
And railway shares go swiftly down,
Weep not! the cross becomes a crown,
  By magic of the wise!

Nurse not your sorrow;
  Though the cloud be dark to-day,
God sends to-morrow
  The bright and cheering ray!

    When hireling scribes retail their lies,
    And keen the shaft of slander flies,
    I see a cherub in the skies
        That smiles upon the wise.
Spur not your sorrow;
  Though the tempest rave to-day,
God sends to-morrow
  The peaceful beaming May.

    When juggling statesmen trim their sails
    To catch a whiff from shifting gales,
    I wait the hour when truth prevails,
        And triumph with the wise.
Dream not to borrow
  Peace from faction's battling waves;
He reapeth sorrow,
  Who trusts in fools and knaves!

    When things once strong go to the wall,
    And creeds decay, and churches fall,
    What then? God reigns above them all,
        The Saviour of the wise!

Why should we sorrow,
  When a sphere reels into night?
God can to-morrow
  Make new worlds more bright.

    Thus when the world a-warring goes,
    No fretful thorn my finger shows,
    While on my breast I wear the rose,
      The star that decks the wise;
Sow not in sorrow;
  Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow,
  The rain to make it grow!

HAIL, LAND OF MY FATHERS!

HAIL, land of my fathers! I stand on thy shore,
'Neath the broad-fronted bluffs of thy granite once more;
Old Scotland, my mother, the rugged, the bare,
That reared me with breath of the strong mountain air.
No more shall I roam where soft indolence lies
'Neath the cloudless repose of the featureless skies,
But where the white mist sweeps the red-furrowed scaur,
I will fight with the storm and grow strong by the war!

What boots all the blaze of the sky and the billow,
Where manhood must rot on inglorious pillow?
'Tis the blossom that blooms from the taint of the grave,
'Tis the glitter that gildeth the bonds of the slave.
But, Scotland, stern mother, for struggle and toil
Thou trainest thy children on hard, rocky soil;
And thy stiff-purposed heroes go conquering forth,
With the strength that is bred by the blasts of the north.

Hail, Scotland, my mother! and welcome the day
When again I shall brush the bright dew from the
brae,
And, light as a bird, give my foot to the heather,
My hand to my staff, and my face to the weather;
Then climb to the peak where the ptarmigan flies,
Or stand by the linn where the salmon will rise,
And vow never more with blind venture to roam
From the strong land that bore me—my own Scottish
home.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.*

AIR—*The Quaker's Wife.*

THE Quaker's wife was brisk and gay,
And like her were na' ony,
But now she wears the mantle grey,
And thinks na' on her Johnnie.
Aye when we met we used to be
As blithe as lark or sparrow;
But, wae 's my heart, she 's cheated me
To be the Quaker's marrow.

The Quaker he had 'neugh o' gear,
'Twas this that caught her fancy,
And now she is the Quaker's dear,
Wha was my lovely Nancy.

---

* The words of this excellent song, as given in verses first, second, and sixth, were sung in admirable style by my father, and I never heard them sung by any other body. The third, fourth, and fifth verses were added by myself.

The Quaker's wife, whene'er I see,
  It stings my heart wi' sorrow,
It gars the tears rin frae my e'e,
  Like waters in a furrow !

The Quaker's wife, whene'er I see,
  I curse the fate mischancy,
A house and ha' that envied me,
  To furnish with my Nancy.
'Tis lack o' cash that ruins kings,
  And clips the poet's fancy ;
For lack o' cash I droop my wings,
  And sigh in vain for Nancy.

The de'il confound his wooden face,
  Wha stole frae me my Nancy !
That such a lass o' lightsome grace
  Should touch his wooden fancy !
Wi' purple robe a beggar loon,
  A turnip wi' a pansy,
An ass that's shod wi' silken shoon,
  Is he wi' lovely Nancy.

Of all the solemn prigs that go,
  I chiefly hate the Quakers,
They're like a lump o' tasteless dough
  That ne'er went to the baker's :

The strangest thing that earth contains
  Is this, that one so stupid
Should lodge within his sluggish veins
  So brisk an imp as Cupid !

The Quaker's wife I 'll ne'er forget,
  While I can aught remember ;
For I ne'er lo'ed anither yet
  Sin' the first day I kenn'd her.
O gin the Quaker he would dee,
  And liberty restore her,
My ain the Quaker's wife should be,
  For, oh! I do adore her !

THE MAID OF DALNACORRA.

O HAVE you seen, and do you know,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
So light of limb,
So fine and trim,
That treads the mead at Dalnacorra?
If you have not,
I weep your lot,
All other joys are shades of sorrow
To whoso knows
The light that flows
From her bright eyes at Dalnacorra!

O have you seen, and do you know,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
With sunny sheen
Who skims the green
And charms the sod at Dalnacorra?
If you have not,
I weep your lot,

All other joys are shades of sorrow
To him who warms
Beneath the charms
Of her sweet grace at Dalnacorra !

O have you seen, and do you know,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
Who takes in toils
Of winsome smiles
Each vagrant heart at Dalnacorra ?
No finer bliss
On earth I wis
From poet's dream a wight may borrow,
Than just to lie
Beneath her eye,
Sunned by sweet love at Dalnacorra !

O have you seen, and do you know,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
Who flings so light
Her fancies bright
Like winged flowers at Dalnacorra ?
On whom she pours
Her witching stores,
He counts all pleasures shades of sorrow,
Flings to the rooks
His Greekish books
And reads her eyes at Dalnacorra !

O have you seen, and do you know,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
Whose clear voice rings
Like bird that sings
In greening groves at Dalnacorra?
If you have not,
I weep your lot,
Beside the swirling pools of Corra;
On thrilling hymns
He floats and swims
Who drinks her words at Dalnacorra!

O if you knew, as I have known,
The lovely maid of Dalnacorra,
With sparkling cheer
Like fountain clear
On purple brae at Dalnacorra,
O then you'd think
On rapture's brink
All other joys are shades of sorrow;
But let me die
Beneath her eye,
And smile at death in Dalnacorra!

PARVA DOMUS MAGNA QUIES.

ON a little grassy knoll,
  Beneath the huge Ben More,
Where the loch's clear amber waters
  Lave the white and pebbly shore,
I have built a little dwelling,
  Without or pomp or state,
In smallness quite excelling ;
  But oh ! the peace is great.

From the hot and dusty tumult
  Of the men that rule the land,
From the pageant of the Park,
  And the rattle of the Strand ;
From the weariness and worry
  Of contention and debate,
I am sheltered, I am hidden ;
  And my peace is very great.

From the knocking and the ringing
  Of the beggar and the bore,
When every man is bringing
  Every business to my door ;

From saying Yes, and saying No,
  To seas of endless prate,
I am sheltered, I am hidde
  And my peace is very great.

From the doctrine and the dogma
  Of each lofty-fancied fool,
Who would take the great Creator
  (If Creator be) to school;
From the thousand maggots swarming
  In each eager-witted pate,
I am sheltered, I am hidden;
  And my peace is very great.

From the carping and the grumbling
  Of the spiteful and the small,
Who, when mighty things are tumbling,
  Love to see the mighty fall;
From the lust of hot reforming
  In the Church and in the State,
I am sheltered, I am hidden;
  And my peace is very great.

With a wife to share my pillow,
  And a man to row my boat,
And a rod to lash the billow
  And a friend to glass my thought;

With no great ambition swelling,
  And no questions asked of Fate,
Pride leaves the little dwelling;
  But my peace is very great.

Then fare-thee-well, the City's din,
  The tumult and the throng,
For a moment and a moment
  To myself I will belong;
In my lonely mountain dwelling
  Disrobed of empty state,
In smallness quite excelling,
  And in peace how very great!

THE CLEVER YOUNG ADVOCATE.*

AIR—*The Waterman.*

AND did you ne'er hear of a clever young advocate,
Who in the Parliament House used to pace?
Such a wonderful compound of strength and agility,
Life in each look, and each motion was grace.
He walked so trim, and he trod so trippingly,
Hart on the hill never bounded more skippingly;
And how should this advocate not be a gainer?
Though he has not, he cannot long want a retainer.

His eye was aye flashing, his blood flowing cheerily,
Like a fine-feathered wag-tail his busy tongue goes;
The points of his fingers electric with wit were,
The world seemed poised on the point of his nose.

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* This, and one or two other pieces in this collection, are taken from the 'Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece. Edinburgh, 1857;' now out of print.

He saw so clear, and he looked so steadily,
The Writers all gave him a brief so readily;
And how should this advocate not be a gainer?
So clever, he never could want a retainer.

His laugh was aye loudest where mirth was agoing,
His wit flew like shuttle-cock well played and true;
He drank aye the longest where good wine was flowing,
But headache or heartache he never yet knew.
When he drank so free, and waxed so mellow,
What wonder all praised him—'a devilish fine fellow!'
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
When each joke was a fee, and each glass a retainer?

His brethren in circles they gathered around him,
To hear him discourse of all possible things,
Greek, Hebrew, and German, half song and half sermon,
The Vedas, the Eddas, courts, cabins, and kings;
And if for the nonce he might make a blunder,
He was up like a cork, ere you knew he was under;
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
So clever, and never without a retainer?

O! if you had seen him bamboozling a jury,
With a glance to command, and a smile to decoy,
While he fanned his nose with his white muslin kerchief,
In truth but he was a most wonderful boy;
He tipped his wig, he looked so knowingly,
The words came purling so sweet and flowingly;
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
When every new speech brought a double retainer?

One day on the street the Lord Advocate met him,
'To carry the County, friend, do what you can!'
He called and he canvassed, he jested, he feasted,
He phrased them, and dazed them, and brought in his man.
Whoso will have ease must fain learn to drudge, sir,
The Advocate speedily made him a Judge, sir;
And how should this advocate not be a gainer,
When he's snug on the Bench, and now needs no retainer?

JOLLY JERRY.

A DIRGE OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

JOLLY JERRY!
O who was like him,
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry?
Like a Christmas bowl,
Where spiced floods roll,
So grand was the soul
Of jolly Jerry!
But to-day full sadly the bell did sound,
We laid him in the clay-cold ground;
Ah, well-a-day!
He 's gone and away,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him,
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry?

Thin-visaged law
Her meagre maw
Lined when she saw
Jolly Jerry.
But to-day the sons of the robe are sad,
The billowy rings of laughter mad
Cease—well-a-day!
For he is away,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry?
In a blanket he tossed
Bright fancies a host,
Small labour it cost
Jolly Jerry.
But now they screw, and they stretch, and they draw,
With hammer and wedge they drive the law;
For he is away,
The fish who could play,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him,
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry?

His round eye did swim
In wit and whim,
A god was in him
When we were merry;
But his organ-mirth now peals no more,
And mockery sad were the festal roar,
And glee to-day
When he is away,
Jolly Jerry!

THE BOTANIST'S SONG.

GOD hath made three beautiful things,
Birds, and women, and flowers;
And he on earth who happy would be
Must look with love on all the three;
But chiefly, in bright summer hours,
He is wise who loves the flowers,
And roams the fields with me.

Flowers have blossoms, and birds have wings,
And women have winsome wiles;
And he on earth who happy would be
Must borrow a joy from all the three;
But wisely he the June beguiles,
Who from brown braes and bright green isles
Plucks starry blooms with me.

Three ugly things the Devil hath made,
Disease, and Death, and Sin;
And he on earth who happy would be
Must dwell remote from all the three;

And far from the Devil and all his kin
He lives who loves sweet lore to win
From meek-eyed flowers with me.

Disease and Death were the spawn of Sin,
When the serpent our dam beguiled;
And he on earth who happy would be
Must hold the charm that bans the three,
The charm that looks from the eye of the child,
And from the grace of the flowret mild,
That droops its crown for me!

A SEA VOYAGE.

AIR—*Auf Brüder, lasst uns lustig leben!*

THE sun rides high, the tide is flowing,
Come plough the deep sea!
The sky-born breeze is briskly blowing,
Come plough the deep sea!
Surge chases surge with rival glee,
The white-winged skiffs shoot o'er the sea;
For the wide waves are free,
The wide waves are free,
The waves of the surging sea!

The captain calls, 'Now all is ready!'
Hoist sails and away!
'Come, bear a hand, helm starboard, steady,'
Now bravely away!
We 've cleared the Ness, and now we ride
The ancient green untainted tide;

For the wide waves are free,
The wide waves are free,
The waves of the surging sea !

Ha ! like a steed the good ship prances,
Hoist royals, huzza !
Behold how mad the light wave dances,
Hoist sky-sails, huzza !
The sea-mews duck and dive with glee,
The porpoise rolls in revelry ;
For the wide waves are free,
The wide waves are free,
The waves of the surging sea !

Ha ! how the crested waves are booming !
Blow stiffly, breeze, blow !
How yonder far east land is looming !
Blow stiffly, breeze, blow !
Reef, reef the sails ! a blast ! a blast !
'Helm larboard !'—steady ! helmsman, fast !
For the wide waves are free,
The wide waves are free,
The waves of the surging sea !

Now gently, gently !—slow but surely !
Now make for the land !

Yon bonnie harbour blinks securely;
  The land, now the land!
We 've cleared the point, the landsmen hail,
We bear along with gallant sail;
  For the wide waves are free,
  The wide waves are free,
  The waves of the surging sea!

OBAN IN THE SEASON.

A merry ballad, very profitable for itinerant Students in the long vacation, and Highland Tourists generally.

NOW all the world is touring gone,
My friends are all in Paris,
A fool is he, and I am none,
At home who longer tarries.
I 'll give a furlough to my books,
Let no man count it treason,
And fish for health and ruddy looks
At Oban in the season!
For Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands!

'T is there the steam-boats drive about—
My tongue is no deceiver—
Out and in, and in and out,
Like shuttle of the weaver;

'T is now to Mull, and now to Skye,
  And now to mouth of Clyde, sir,
Like magic steed, with snorting speed,
  They paw the purple tide, sir!
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

At Oban all the world you see,
  The doctor and the scholar,
The poor man with his penny fee,
  The rich man with his dollar;
The father with his hopeful boy,
  The mother with her daughters,
All flock to plash about with joy
  Like ducks in Oban waters.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

At Oban on the pier, how gay,
  How motley, and how grand, sir,
With tourists all in quaint array,
  About to leave the land, sir!
The priest who steals short holiday,
  The prince who goes incog., sir,
The schoolboy with his dreams of play,
  The sportsman with his dog, sir.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

The dark Italian and the Greek,
  The light-haired Northern nation,
In Oban all unite to seek
  Their summer recreation;
The Yankee with his long clay face,
  The rubicund port-drinker,
The Frenchman with his nimble pace,
  The broad-browed German thinker.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Praise be to noble Hutcheson,
  Who made the Celtic seas, sir,
A highway smooth for any man
  To travel on at ease, sir!
Like moving towns his vessels go,
  And no one ever dreams now
Of staggering with a face of woe,
  So steadily he steams now.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

At Oban, on a breezy morn,
  The merry bell invites you,
And on the waters you are borne
  Where every turn delights you:

The wooded hill, the bright green isle,
  The gleaming loch before you,
The mighty ocean's boundless smile,
  The mountain nodding o'er you.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

The huge rock foreland harsh and grey,
  That fronts the broad Atlantic,
The rainbow that bestrides the spray
  From waterfall romantic;
The floating gull, the flying skiff,
  That cuts the water hoary,
The ivied castle on the cliff,
  Where hangs the grim old story.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

And now your way you steer to Skye,
  Where savage green-scarred mountains
The surly western blast defy,
  And nurse the roaring fountains;
And there, if happy chance befall
  That clouds from rain refrain, sir,
You 'll see the rock-built Fairy hall
  Which mortals call Quirain, sir.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or, if it better suits your plan,
  You 'll see the wondrous dome, sir,
At Staffa, without help from man,
  God reared from out the foam, sir.
Then land upon the sacred beach,
  Where, like a shining star, sir,
The saint from Erin came to preach,
  When gospel truth was far, sir.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

And if you know to use your eyes,
  And are not stiff and mulish,
You 'll spend a day in paradise
  At lovely Ballachulish.
Then up the stream you 'll wend your way
  With thoughtful foot, and slow, sir,
Where white mists veil the bloody tale
  Of dreary, dark Glencoe, sir!
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or you may go where thousands flock
  To hear the hollow rumbling
Of waters through the rifted rock,
  With foamy fury tumbling,

At Foyers, by the long Loch Ness;
  Or you may make your orison
To Nature in her birchen dress,
  At lovely Invermorrison.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or wander where the high Ben Chee
  Bewails her sons and daughters,
Transported far by harsh decree
  Across the western waters.
Macdonnells now are named no more,
  Where once they loved to tarry,
And on the far Canadian shore
  They find a new Glengarry.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or you may roam where sharp green Bens
  Hem in the narrow valley
At lone Shiel Inn, and from the Glens
  The foaming torrents sally;
Then take your wand in cunning hand,
  And lash the brown flood yarely,
And bring the big fish to the land
  When you have hooked him fairly.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or in Glenelg your foot may trace
  The forts where Celtic freemen
Sought refuge from the plundering race
  Of fierce Norwegian seamen;
Into their hollow walls they crept
  Like conies under cover,
Then forth to light they blithely stept
  When the black storm was over.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

Or you at Arisaig may land,
  Where all the kilted clanship
For royal Charlie made a stand
  With flaming partisanship;
Where gallant chiefs and ladies gay,
  With glory held brief parley,
And grandly diced their lives away,
  To win a smile from Charlie.
    For Oban is a dainty place, etc.

But why should I sit moping here,
  With cobwebs in my head, sir,
When I might stand on Oban pier
  With brightness round me shed, sir?

I 'll shut my Greek and Latin shop,
And for a month and more, sir,
About the Celtic seas I 'll hop
From Oban's bonny shore, sir.
For what my song declares is true,
And wise men think it treason
To pass a year without a view
Of Oban in the season.

TOM WAS A ROSY BOY.

TOM was a rosy boy
When he went to College,
Brimming with health and joy
When he went to College.
None of all the student clan
Dared his steps to follow,
When the Session he began,
Like a bright Apollo!

Tom was a naughty boy
When the months proceeded,
Good advice I gave the boy,
Good, but little heeded.
Hotly panting for the goal,
Not a moment idle,
With mad haste he spurred his soul,
Scorning bit and bridle.

Tom was an altered boy
When the Session ended,
Pale his cheek and sunk his eye,
When the Session ended;

Musa Burschicosa.

Pills and potions made display,
  Nurse and leech attended,
Lean and languid where he lay
  When the Session ended!

Where now is rosy Tom?
  O do not ask me!
I can only weep for Tom,
  Now when you ask me!
He who was so bright and swift,
  Like a flashing river,
Lies now whence none may lift,
  Cold, cold for ever!

SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY.

AIR—'*One bumper at parting.*'

SOME book-worms will sit and will study
Alone, with their dear selves alone,
Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy
And their heart is as cold as a stone.
But listen to what I now say, boys,
Who know the fine art to unbend,
All labour without any play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.

There 's Moodie, no doubt he 's a fellow
Of heart, and of head has no lack,
But his cheek, like a lemon, is yellow,
And he bends like a camel his back.
I tell him the worst of all evils
Is cram; and to live on this plan
Is to nourish a host of blue devils,
To plague him when he is a man.

Sure Solomon knew what was fitting
  To keep a man juicy and fresh,
And he says there is nothing like sitting
  O'er books to bring grief to the flesh.
From quarto to folio creeping,
  Some record of folly to gain,
He says that your red eyes are keeping
  Dull watch o'er the night oil in vain.

I guess you have heard many sermons
  Not wiser at all than my rhymes,
But perhaps you don't know what determines
  Their sense to be nonsense sometimes.
Though bright the great truth may be beaming,
  Through dimness it struggles in vain
Of vapours from stomach upsteaming
  Unhealthy, that poison the brain.

Beside her old wheel when 't is birring,
  A spinster may sit and may croon,
But a mettlesome youth should be stirring,
  Like Hermes with wings to his shoon;
With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,
  Making sport with the ball on the green,
Or roaming about with a wallet,
  Where steamboats and tourists are seen.

Then rise from the lean-visaged study,
  That drains all the sap from your brains;
Give your face to the breeze and grow ruddy
  With blood that exults in the veins.
Trust me,—for I know what I say, boys,—
  And use the fine art to unbend,
All work, with no season of play, boys,
  Makes Jack a dull boy in the end!

A SPRIG OF WHITE HEATHER.

A SPRIG of white heather I plucked on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the sportive, the light, and the gay,
Not to Jessie with flashing display,
In the flush of the June, when the roses are out,
Flinging her frolicsome fancies about;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou deep-thoughted Phœbe, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I plucked on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the haughty, the high, and the proud,
Not to Clotilda, who sails through the crowd
With a lofty look and a fine disdain,
As if all were born to hold her train;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou mild-eyed Phœbe, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I plucked on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
Not to the clever, the keen and the knowing,
With eye never resting, and tongue ever going,
Not to Rebecca, who all has read
That goes, and goes not into her head;
But beautiful Phœbe, to thee, to thee,
Thou silently-loving, to thee!

A sprig of white heather I plucked on the brae;
To whom shall I give it?
To whom shall I give it?
I 'll give it to one, or I 'll give it to none,
I 'll give it to Phœbe, my beautiful one;
The rare white bloom that peeps from the brae
So chaste and so pure 'mid the purple display,
It grew, dear Phœbe, for thee, for thee,
Thou rarest and fairest, for thee!

O BLAME ME NOT, THOU FAIR ONE!

AIR—'*O are ye sleeping, Maggie?*'

LIGHT floats the breeze, the lark sings loud,
The strong sun pours his radiant river,
But o'er my soul there hangs a cloud
That I must leave thee now for ever.
O blame me not, thou fair one,
O chide me not, thou rare one,
That with one look
Sweet harm I took
From thy fine charm in Dalnacorra!

Fire must burn and light must shine,
And love, when it flames up with splendour
From throbbing heart by power divine,
Quench thou it not with touch untender!
O blame me not, thou fair one,
O chide me not, thou rare one,
That from thy look
Quick harm I took,
Nor turned to flee from Dalnacorra!

When first thy beauty on my sight
  Streamed, and thy sunny graces found me,
A throng of star-eyed cherubs bright
  Seemed dancing with light wings around me.
    Then blame me not, thou fair one,
    Then chide me not, thou rare one,
        That from thy look
        Keen joy I took,
And nursed sweet harm at Dalnacorra!

Now fare thee well, thou maiden fine!
  When I am far from Dalnacorra,
Chaste gladness through my tears shall shine,
  To think on thee and Dalnacorra;
    Then blame me not, thou fair one,
    Then chide me not, thou rare one,
        That with one look
        Sweet harm I took
From thee, fair witch of Dalnacorra!

GAUDEAMUS !

To be sung at the close of the Winter Session.

AIR—'*Gaudeamus igitur!*'

'The end of woman or of man, I think,
Is not a book.'—MRS. BROWNING.

GAUDEAMUS, BURSCHEN brave,
Tune your throats and blithely sing !
Where the hedge is greenly sprouting,
Where the angler goes a-trouting,
Walk we forth and greet the Spring !

Man was never made for books ;
Books may not give law to him :
Not Agamemnon, nor old Homer,
Nor Ulysses, that wise roamer,
Made their eyes with reading dim.

Happy birds, that to the sky
Rise, and sing in tuneful bands,
While we sit in dingy places,
Polishing the rusted graces
Of dead men in distant lands !

Why should I disturb the dead?
  Let the slain lie where he fell!
Why revive forgotten squabbles?
Feuds of Greek and Roman rabbles
  From the mouldy record spell?

Shake the dust out from your ears;
  Hear the vernal chorus swell!
Thrush and blackbird, lark and swallow,
While you ponder o'er the tallow
  That from last night's candle fell!

What's the fruit of learnèd pains?
  Value stock, and you will find
Thorny problem, prosy lecture,
Subtle substanceless conjecture,
  Swelling systems big with wind!

Men from thistles cull no grapes,
  Reap no health from bookish toil;
Blinking eyes, and bad digestion,
Sleepless nights and brain-congestion,
  That's the fruit of midnight oil!

Fare-ye-well, ye old grey walls,
  Inky benches, dusty chairs,

Learnèd tutors, grave professors,
Chancellor, rector, and assessors,
  You are named in all my prayers!

Fare-ye-well, old Attic plays,
  Whose cross-readings tortured me,
Grindings, crammings, preparations,
Saturday examinations,
  When the student should be free!

Vivat home, and home's dear haunts,
  Wooded walk and flowery dell!
Welcome father, sister, mother,
Everything that makes no bother,
  And the girl that loves me well!

Vivat Highland glen and ben,
  Sweeping breeze and sunny sky,
Rapid torrent grandly swirling,
Deep broad current darkly curling,
  Where the big trout gulps the fly!

Vivat all that frees the soul
  From the cumbrous chains of art,
All the living founts of knowledge
Which no books at school or college
  Ever gave to thirsting heart!

Pereat who sneaks to-day
  In dull rooms and sunless nooks!
Who, devoid of rummelgumption,
Courts dyspepsy and consumption,
  Poring over bloodless books!

You have heard my song, brave boys!
  Let no pedants clip your wing;
While green life is all before us,
March we forth and swell the chorus
  Of blithe birds that greet the Spring!

MY LOVES.

AIR—'*Shall I wasting in despair?*'

(Suggested by Anæcreon's 'εἶ φύλλα, κ.τ.λ.')

NAME the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
Name the notes of all the groves,
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the dark, the fair,
Golden ringlets, raven hair,
Eye that swims in sunny light,
Glance that shoots like lightning bright.

I do love the stately dame
And the sportive girl the same;
Every changeful phase between
Blooming cheek and brow serene.

I do love the young, the old,
Maiden modest, virgin bold,
Tiny beauties, and the tall;
Earth has room enough for all.

Which is better, who can say,
Lucy grave or Mary gay?
She who half her charms conceals,
She who flashes while she feels?

Why should I my love confine?
Why should fair be mine or thine?
If I praise a tulip, why
Should I pass a primrose by?

Paris was a pedant fool
Meting beauty by a rule,
Pallas? Juno? Venus?—he
Should have chosen all the three.

I am wise life's every bliss
Thankful tasting; and a kiss
Is a sweet thing, I declare,
From a dark maid or a fair!

SONG OF THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

OF the bold cavaliers some bards delight to sing,
Who drank, and who swore, and who battled for their king;
I 'm a poor shepherd's son, and my loves are with the men
Who fought for our faith in the lone mountain glen.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the Covenanting men,
Who fought for our faith in mountain and in glen;
The gay cavaliers
Sowed the land with blood and tears;
But her front Freedom rears
With the grey-plaided men!

King Charles and Priest Laud came with liturgy in hand,
And they told oft a creed to believe at their command,
But the hot-souled Scot scorned to pray by a rule,
And the proud priest ducked to a dame with a stool.

Then hurrah-ra-ra for the Covenanting men,
And for stout dame Geddes, who was wise and mighty then;
For the gay cavaliers, etc.

There are fops who will grin, there are wits who will sneer,
But the brave still the deeds of the brave will revere;
And the price is the same which for freedom we pay
On a green Attic plain or a brown Scottish brae.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the heroes of the glen,
With the sword of the Lord, who were great and mighty then;
For the gay cavaliers, etc.

They were hunted with hounds, they were bound, they were shot,
They were scourged, they were flayed, they were hung out to rot;
But they smiled at the rack, and the thumb and the screw,
And the more they were lopped still the larger they grew.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the heroes of the glen,
For the strong, stout hearts of the Covenanting men;
For the gay cavaliers, etc.

And the prayer still was heard from the lone hut, and still
The voice of the preacher was mighty on the hill,
And the free hymn was pealed from the moors of the Merse,
And the brave deeds were done which their children rehearse.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the Covenanting men,
Who preached on the hill and who prayed in the glen;
For the gay cavaliers, etc.

And their seed still remains; from the heroes of the hill
The hot blood we draw, and the stern undaunted will,
And the scorn to receive from a despot's decree,
What should flame up with power from the heart of the free.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the Covenanting men;
Bright burn the pure flame that consumed the stubble then!
For the gay cavaliers, etc.

My song you have heard; let the dashing cavaliers
Reap smiles from the men who rejoice in our tears!

I 'm a poor shepherd's son, and my home is in the glen
That yet rings with the praise of the grey-plaided men.
Then hurrah-ra-ra for the Covenanting men,
Whose praise yet resounds through the lone winding glen;
For the gay cavaliers
Sowed the land with blood and tears;
But her front Freedom rears
With the grey-plaided men!

THE TRICKSY EYE.

IN sooth she has a tricksy eye,
And a devil within it is lurking;
And a frolicsome sprite, both day and night,
His mischief there is working;
In sooth a devil is lurking there;
Beware, O beware!

She will lead you about in an endless rout,
And with sweet smiles deceive you;
She will will-o'-the-wisp you far and near,
And in a bog she'll leave you;
Her smile is a bait, and her look is a snare;
Beware, O beware!

In sooth she has a tricksy eye,
It haunts me like a spirit,
It dances round me night and day,
I love it, while I fear it;
If a devil she be, she is wondrous fair;
Beware, O beware!

I may bury me deep in Latin and Greek,
  Remote from vulgar people;
I may sackcloth wear in sheer despair,
  And live like the saint in a steeple;
    But still her wiles pursue me there;
      Beware, O beware!

An army of Pucks, a fairy host,
  Obeys at her commanding,
They tickle my five good wits away,
  They pinch my understanding;
    When Oberon's horn soft startles the air;
      Beware, O beware!

In sooth the maid is a holy text,
  But the devil has written the comment;
The Siren song to delight is strong,
  But sinks thy bark on the moment;
    The wiles of the lovely, the lures of the fair;
      Beware, O beware!

COME, CLEAR UP YOUR BROWS!

AIR—*Es kann ja nicht alles so bleiben.*

COME, clear up your brows, and be mellow,
  This hard-faced endeavour forego,
Make Pleasure of Labour the fellow,
  Not thorns without roses should grow!

Why wilt thou be climbing and toiling,
  Through regions of frost and of snow,
Despising the sweet flower that smiling
  Begems the green meadow below?

O let not proud fancies deceive thee,
  That point to far peaks capped with snow;
Our joys, like the bright flowers, believe me,
  The loveliest lowliest grow.

The Titans of old heaven-scaling
  Assailed with proud engines the sky;
But Jove, with strong thunder prevailing,
  Down hurled them to hell, where they lie.

Then cease from your limitless scheming,
  The wisdom of life understand,
While fools ride the air in their dreaming,
  Death dashes life's bowl from their hand!

And spurn not the sweet spirit-soother,
  But learn the fine art to be gay;
Wise Socrates, Solon, and Luther,
  Were jolly old boys in their day!

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

MANY churches damn full fiercely,
Peopling vasty hell;
I too have my creed, and tersely
Now to thee will tell.
Jerome, Luther, Calvin, Knox,
Were doctors grave and orthodox;
But who dares deny my creed
Is damned by right divine indeed,
Without help from the Devil!

Everything that stands securely,
Stands on stable soil,
Nothing on no bottom surely
Builders' art may pile;
So from God, the fount supreme,
Flows life's many-branching stream;
And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by Folly's curse indeed,
Without help from the Devil!

All the starry preparation
  Of the reasoned whole
Comes by fiery inspiration
  From the primal soul,
All the marvel of the plan,
From moth to mammoth and to man;
And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by reason's law indeed,
      Without help from the Devil!

All that lives above, around thee,
  Even things and odd,
Though their mazy reel confound thee,
  Know their law in God.
All that spurs the struggling will
To gain the good and shun the ill
Is God; and who denies this creed,
Is damned by pious doom indeed,
      Without help from the Devil!

What thy senses bring thee, hold it
  As a part of thee,
Mark its virtue well, and mould it
  As thy need may be.
When white mists are floating by,
Deem not that a ghost is nigh;

And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by naked fact indeed,
Without help from the Devil!

Where by right of man thou standest,
Let man's work be done;
What thou knowest thou commandest,
What thou know'st not, shun.
Let not errant Fancy dwell
High in heaven or deep in hell;
Earth is the workshop of thy need,
And dreamers here are damned indeed,
Without help from the Devil!

Life 's a game of many chances,
But, when humoured well,
How each stroke the next advances,
He who wins can tell.
Watch for what the hour may bring,
Of the moment thou art king;
And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by bungler's curse indeed,
Without help from the Devil!

He whose life a lie besmirches
For some golden dole,

All the creeds of all the churches
  Shall not save his soul;
Let him live and let him rot
With in his heart a cankered spot!
And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by law of truth indeed,
    Without help from the Devil!

In the change of gusty weather,
  When a squall comes down,
All true men must pull together,
  Or together drown.
In the rear or in the van
Each man serves the battle's plan;
And who dares deny this creed
Is damned by curse of self indeed,
    Without help from the Devil!

Wouldst thou reap sweet life's true riches,
  Know, by law divine,
Love's the charm that all bewitches,
  Wedding mine to thine.
To all lovely things that be,
Fling thy heart's gates open free,
And on the bloom of kindness feed;
Else frosted, starved, and damned indeed,
    Without help from the Devil!

You have heard my creed, brave brothers;
  If it please you ill,
Find a fairer faith from others,
  Forged with finer skill.
But while ye wander far from home,
To learnèd Oxford or to Rome,
From God direct my simpler creed
I take, to save my soul indeed
        Without or priest or Devil!

STUDENTS' CHORAL SONG—ALMA MATER.*

CONDISCIPULI canamus,
Hac in hora otiosa;
Pro hac vice relinquamus
Studia nimis operosa.
Satis erimus periti,
Cras si valdè studeamus;
Nos examinum obliti
Paulò Musam nunc colamus.

Ecce ordo formosarum
Audientium coram nobis,
Plausu, O sodales, harum
Nihil pretiosius vobis.

---

* The author of this song is my esteemed colleague, Professor Maclagan, whose lyrical and vocal talents are well known, and by whose kind permission the verses are added to this collection. Professor Oakley also has, with his usual courtesy, allowed the music to be printed in the Appendix. I have added a free translation, which, however, I hope will seldom be used; as Latin, pronounced in the Scotch, that is the general European way, and not in the anomalous and unscholarly manner of the English, is much more suitable for singing.

Nostri cantus sit judicium
  Vestrum, O formosæ, mite ;
Almæ Matri nos officium
  Pium reddimus. Audite.

Tibi volunt, Alma Mater,
  Nati tui omnia bona ;
Tibi amor cordum datur
  Aurea ferenti dona.
Sæcla floreas in futura ;
  Nihil doceas nisi verum ;
Parcant tibi Fata dura,
  Parcat Tempus edax rerum.

TRANSLATION.

LADS of grace that love the Muses,
  Sing a stave of blithesome measure ;
He's a plodding fool who chooses
  Books in evening hour of leisure.
Some one wrote a useful warning,
  'Much who knows increases sorrow ;'
We shall have enough of learning
  If we cram our brain to-morrow.

See the fair ones come to hear us,
  Drest in dainty bloom before us!
If with ready smile they cheer us,
  That's the fee that pays our chorus.
Gentle dames whom we love dearly,
  Mother fair, and fairer daughter,
Judge the students not severely
  When they hymn their Alma Mater

Alma Mater, grateful praises
  For thy golden gifts we owe thee:
May the God whose strong arm raises,
  With choice blessings overflow thee!
Alma Mater, may thy quiver
  Brim with keenest shafts of science;
Strong in truth may thou for ever
  Bid Time's jealous tooth defiance!

STUDENTS' MAY-SONG.

BLITHE birds are singing now,
  Light clouds are winging now,
Easter bells ringing now
  Anthems of glee!
Come from your dusty nooks,
Fling away musty books,
Hear how the lusty rooks
  Caw merrily!
List to the happy note,
Trolled from the mavis' throat,
Where breezy zephyrs float,
  Cradling the trees!
Broad seas are glancing,
Bright waves are dancing,
Light skiffs advancing
  With undulant ease!
All things are buoyant and bright with the May,
All things rejoice in the fresh-streaming ray;
  Come away! Come away! Come away!

Wilt thou be lagging now,
Fretting and fagging now,
  Moping and groping,
    With down-drooping head?
Over the yellow leaf,
Wasting thy summers brief,
  Building and gilding
    The bones of the dead!
Digging from mouldy graves,
Old Greek and Roman knaves,
  Scratching and patching
    Their mummies to life;
Muddily diving,
Thornily striving,
Idly reviving
    Some foolish old strife,
Deaf to the charm of the lusty-voiced May,
Deaf to the call of sweet birds from the spray;
  Come away! Come away! Come away!

Wilt thou be dreaming still,
Restlessly teeming still
  With bubbles and troubles
    That rise from the brain?
Guessing and gaping,
Theories shaping,

Wondering, blundering,
Ever in vain?
With thoughts never steady,
With words ever ready,
Spouting and routing,
And troubling the pool;
Rushing in boldly,
Cutting up coldly,
Weighing, surveying,
All things by a rule!
Burrowing blindly far from the day,
Deaf to the sweet birds that call from the spray;
Come away! Come away! Come away!

Come where the mountain high
Cleaveth the mottled sky,
Where white clouds lightly fly
Dappling the noon!
Where the lone mountain tarn,
Fringed by the plumy fern,
Shimmers and glimmers
Beneath the pale moon;
Where the green birchen spray
Waves o'er the cliffy way,
Fragrantly, vagrantly,
Skirting the Ben;

And the flood roaring free,
Bubbling with foamy glee,
Gushes and rushes
And leaps to the glen!
Where winter's cold cerements are bursting away,
And Zephyrs are piping the birth hymn of May,
Come away! Come away! Come away!

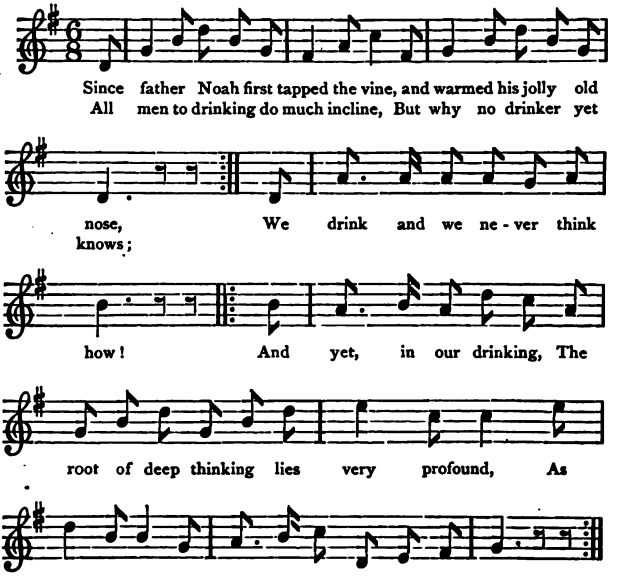
Where the wide leafy bower,
Sprouting with snowy flower,
Richly with drooping power,
Nods o'er the lea;
And the brook slowly wandering,
Broadly meandering,
Lispingly, crispingly,
Creeps to the sea!
Where crown, bell, and starlet,
White, purple, and scarlet,
Loosely, profusely,
Spread over the mead;
Where the white lambs are playing,
And reeling and swaying,
The bee goes a-Maying
With light buzzing speed;
Where Nature is vested in light from the May,
And all things with vegetive splendour are gay,
Come away! Come away! Come away!

Come where broad seas of light,
Flooding with noiseless might,
Sweep with new glory bright
O'er earth and sky!
Wilt thou be lurking then,
Owlishly far from men,
Dark in this musty den,
Blinding thine eye?
Not from dry learning's mine,
Not from dead printed line,
Gushes the lore divine
Living to thee;
Shake rusty bonds away,
Leap into open day,
Wander in face of May
Bravely with me;
Things that were dead shall be quickened to-day,
Touched with new transport of life from the May,
Come away! Come away! Come away!

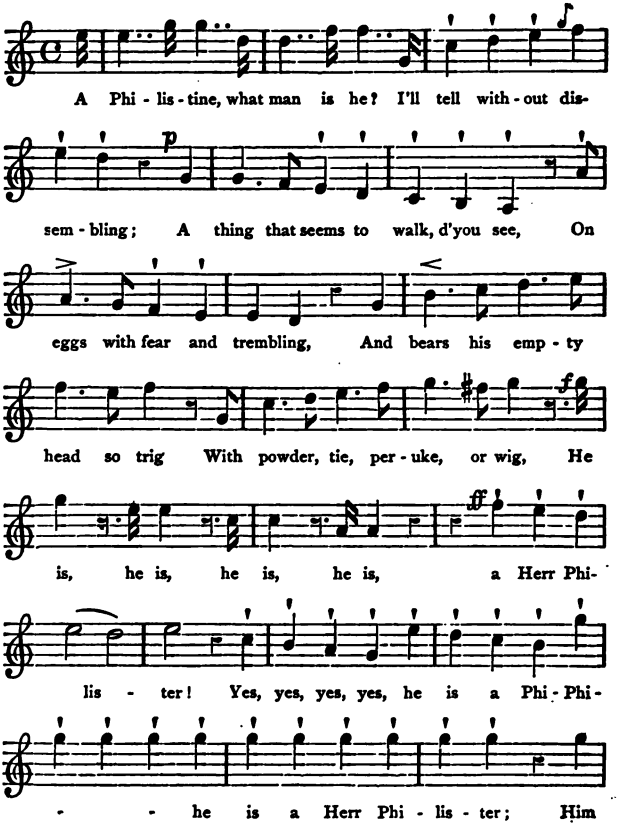
APPENDIX.

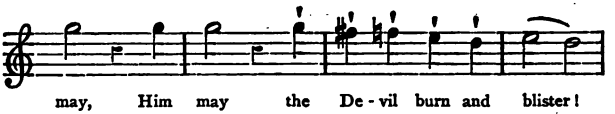
APPENDIX.

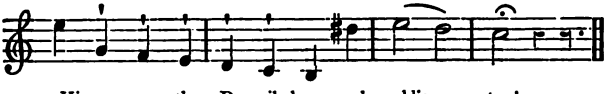
SEIT VATER NOAH IN BECHER GOSS.



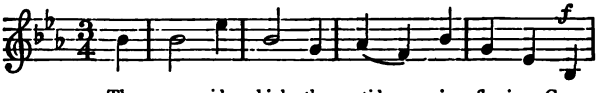
DER PHILISTER.

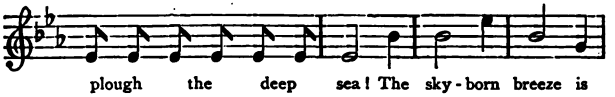


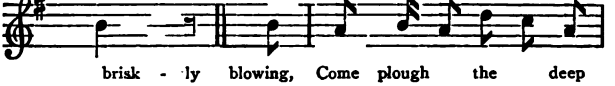


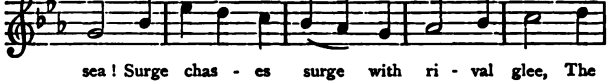


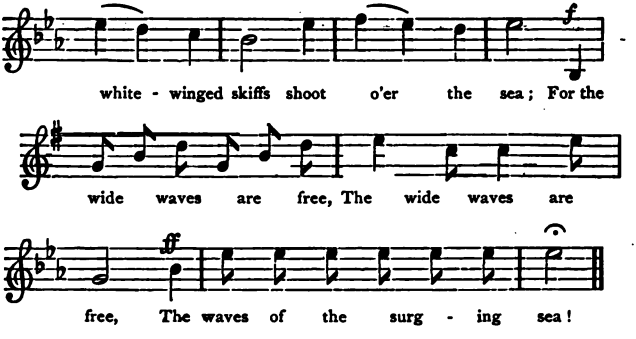
AUF, BRUEDER, LASST UNS LUSTIG LEBEN!



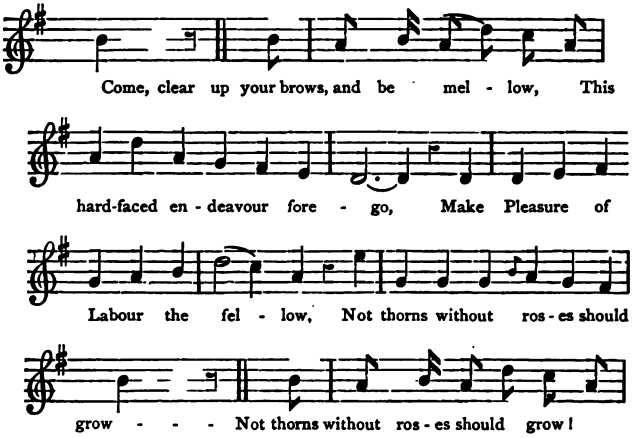




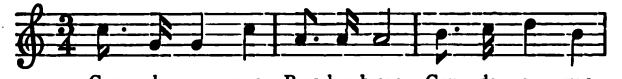




ES KANN JA NICHT IMMER SO BLEIBEN.

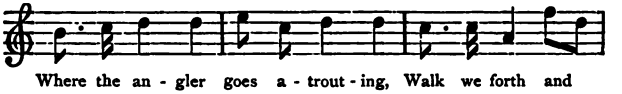


GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

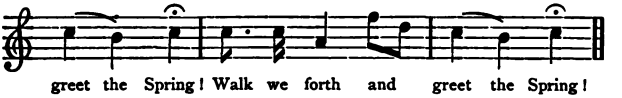


Gau - de - a - mus, Burschen brave, Gau - de - a - mus

while we may! Where the hedge is greenly sprouting,

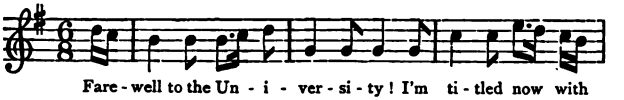


Where the an - gler goes a - trout - ing, Walk we forth and

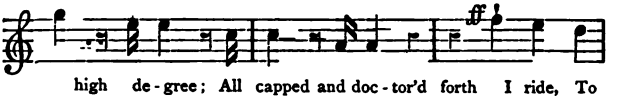


greet the Spring! Walk we forth and greet the Spring!

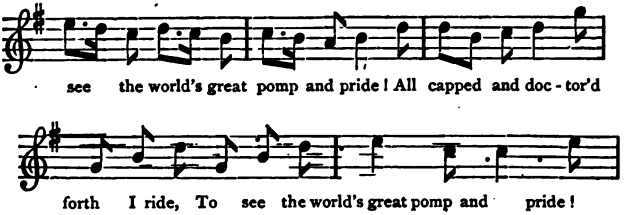
BEMOOSTER BURSCHE ZIEH ICH AUS.



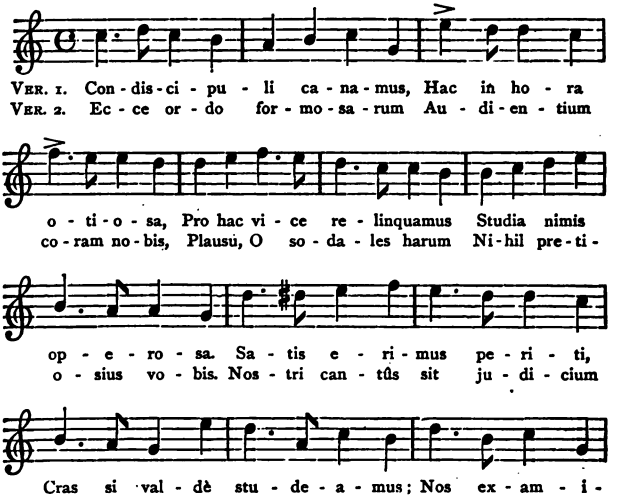
Fare - well to the Un - i - ver - si - ty! I'm ti - tled now with

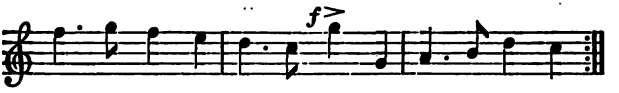


high de - gree; All capped and doc - tor'd forth I ride, To

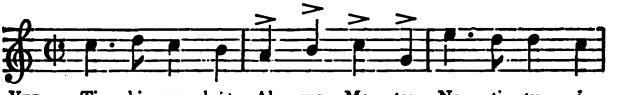

see the world's great pomp and pride! All capped and doc-tor'd
forth I ride, To see the world's great pomp and pride!

ALMA MATER.

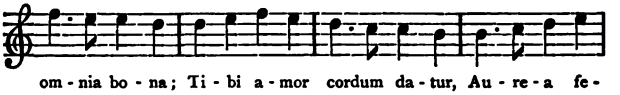

VER. 1. Con-dis-ci-pu-li ca-na-mus, Hac in ho-ra
VER. 2. Ec-ce or-do for-mo-sa-rum Au-di-en-tium
o-ti-o-sa, Pro hac vi-ce re-linquamus Studia nimis
co-ram no-bis, Plausu, O so-da-les harum Ni-hil pre-ti-
op-e-ro-sa. Sa-tis e-ri-mus pe-ri-ti,
o-sius vo-bis. Nos-tri can-tûs sit ju-di-cium
Cras si val-dè stu-de-a-mus; Nos ex-am-i-
Ves-trum, O for-mo-sæ mi-te; Al-mæ Ma-tri



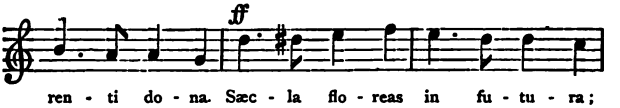
num ob - li - ti Pau - lò Mu - sam nunc co - la - mus.
nos of - fic - cium Pi - um red - di - mus. Audi - te.



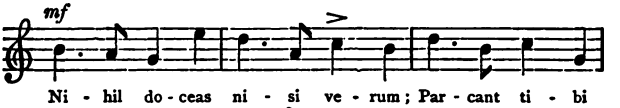
VER. 3. Ti - bi vo - lunt, Al - ma Ma - ter, Na - ti tu - i



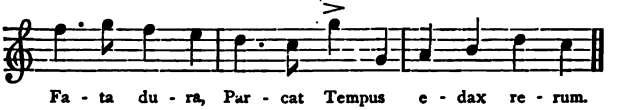
om - nia bo - na; Ti - bi a - mor cordum da - tur, Au - re - a fe -



ren - ti do - na. Sæc - la flo - reas in fu - tu - ra;



Ni - hil do - ceas ni - si ve - rum; Par - cant ti - bi



Fa - ta du - ra, Par - cat Tempus e - dax re - rum.

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